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LIFE.

When sable night her course has spent,
And stars have disappeared
To guide the ways of man to channels bright
The sun arises. All is gay delight;
The earth an angel neared
With a new soul from heaven sent.

The noon-day sun stands high above
Refreshing Mother Earth
With fruitful rays. So quickly childhood days
From joyful innocence in various ways
Pass on to manhood's worth
In duty tried and human love.

All glowing bright fair light descends
And leaves frail man to roam
In darkness' dreary realms. On time's swift wings
All life is quickly led from earthly things
To its eternal home
Where joy or sorrow never ends.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

EDMUND BURKE.

MUCH has been written of Edmund Burke as an orator, writer and statesman. The period of his political career embraces one of the most interesting portions of modern English history. We may represent to ourselves the strong passions and excitements of the whole nation before and during the Revolutionary War in the Colonies, and a few years later during the French revolution, how all these must have acted directly and indirectly on the people of England. Different parties advocated different principles. Some were successful for the time, others failed, but Edmund Burke, whether achieving success or losing fatally had at least the merit and superiority over his contemporaries in looking at all subjects with a view to right and justice.

Great diversity of opinion exists regarding his educational years. Some claim him to have been a very active and diligent student, whilst others attribute his taking of a degree at the university of Dublin more to the kind regards of his examiners, than to his own personal merits. Whatever his shortcomings may have been, it certainly appears from his writings that he must have applied himself to his studies with commendable assiduity. His chief aim was at first to become a great and celebrated writer, and for a time pecuniary circumstances compelled him to contribute even to journals and other papers. But

if these pursuits directed his attention from graver studies, they acquired for him a facility of composition and a command of style of language which proved eminently serviceable to him in the course of his future public life.

It was during this period of his life, that he published his anonymous "Vindication of Natural Society," a work that attracted very little attention, until his future fame resuscitated it from utter oblivion. The treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful" opened a more auspicious future to his ambitions. It secured to the yet silent orator his rank amongst the highest contemporary writers; a just claim equally sustained even at the present day.

But being an earnest man who had persuaded himself of the truth, he was anxious to persuade others likewise. His election in 1765 to a seat in Parliament opened for him the desired opportunity. Nature had bestowed on Burke the talents of a great orator that were developed by his own private efforts and by the official position to which he rose and in which he spent the greater part of his public life. His vigorous mind rapidly collected the materials necessary to uphold or defeat any parliamentary case. Whenever an important question called for his opinion, he was heard with respect. Even in his first oration, he won the fame which a free state accords to the citizen in whom it hails the sovereign orator of the time.

So far as we can judge by concurrent testimony of great weight, he possessed an eloquence which stirred alike the passions and charmed the

imagination, a high reputation for purity, the confidence and ardent love of millions. As he delivered with ease and power of instant and total interchange, he was ever ready to convince his auditors with strong and weighty reasons, sway them with emotion, and govern them with the power of his will.

Thinking more profoundly, feeling more deeply, and determining more fully than any of his contemporaries, he was able to give the fullest expression to his best conceptions, thoughts and emotions. James Russel Lowell speaking of Theodore Parker described the secret of his oratory in words which may with greater justice be applied to Burke:

“Every word that he speaks has been furnaced
In the blast of life that has struggled in earnest
His periods fall on you stroke after stroke
Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak.”

Perhaps the noblest part of his conduct consisted in his steady and uniform opposition to the American war. Once replying to a speaker who had expressed his horror that the Americans, the natural children of Britain, can revolt against their parent, the orator uttered the following words: “They are our children it is true, but when children ask for bread, we are not to give them a stone. When those children of ours wish to assimilate with their parent and to respect the beautiful countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength and opprobrium for their glory;

and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?" Moved by the vehemence of these words, the whole house seemed to be electrified. We, Americans, will ever remember him as a true friend in our greatest need.

The inexhaustible energy of Burke is best reflected in his treatise on "The Rights of the Colonies," in his speeches and writings on the impeachment of Warren Hasting and on the French Revolution. It is universally thought and accepted that, at the time the French revolution broke out, Burke was the only statesman in all Europe in whom the people could safely place their confidence. Even before 1770, he had foreseen the terrible revolution. The signs and appearances had indicated it to all, but he alone understood the concealed meaning. Many a noble English mind had already unconsciously been infected with the base revolutionary tenets, but Edmund Burke arose and showed in glowing and powerful language the issue of such pernicious principles. Most courageously he attacked it with the bare weapon of reason, "his front bristling with the deadliest points of logic." His opinion prevailed.

To draw forth tumultuous applause from his followers was comparatively an easy task for him, but it was not in this that he excelled. Wild applause will cause an excitement, but will as speedily pass away without further notice. If oratory should produce an effect, it must needs make a conquest of a living lasting booty. It is in those

higher moments, when the whole assembly of auditors forgets the habitual excitement, when each single person, conscious of being but a part of the audience, is carried away in death-like silence, when as it were, each breath seeks to fill up the pauses made by the orator, then it is, that the speaker produces a lasting effect. During this most mysterious silence, the orator and his audience exchange rather thoughts than words. They, indeed, do not applaud in wild acclamations and furious gestures, but in awe and fear. It is here, where Burke best knew how to affect his hearers.

If we were to institute a comparison between Burke and any of his great contemporaries, the superiority must certainly be accorded to his genius. Fox, although remarkably great, was less skilled in that kind of logic and rhetoric which convinces and persuades great assemblies. The mind of the second Wm. Pitt is pronounced by Macaulay as beggarly when compared with the massy, the splendid, the various treasures laid up in the mind of Burke.

In his style, Burke is at times somewhat elaborate. He did however not strive to gratify a fastidious audience by beautiful thoughts clothed in magnificent language, but to persuade and to convince was the only great object, to which all other things were made subservient.

The rectitude of his private life added much to the dignity of his public career. He contracted friendship with the most polite and learned men of that day. Towards the poor his charity was

unbounded. One of his last cares was to provide for the permanent support of a school for French emigrants which he had founded. He seemed the very embodiment of all noble sentiments of duty and of the principles of mercy and justice.

The last years of his life were deeply saddened by the loss of his only son. On the death of the latter, he writes: "The storm has gone over me, I die like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane had scattered around me. I am stripped of all my honors, I am torn up by the roots and lie prostrate on the earth....I greatly deceive myself, if, in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those that are at their ease." Words expressive of true dignity of character.

Edmund Burke was in many respects the greatest philosophic orator of modern times. He commanded the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power. His speeches are indeed the only political writings that continue to be studied with interest. As a champion of truth and liberty, speaking for Catholic emancipation, the abolition of the slave trade, the rights of the Colonies, and the strenuous efforts for the impeachment of Warren Hasting, will ever associate his name with all that is great and noble in government and legislation.

HUBERT W. SEIFERLE, '01.

AMBITION.

Of all the passions that in nature lie,
Or from Pandora's casket once did fly,
Ambition leads the sway.

Sometimes in noble vesture she appears
Anon in robes of might or palling fears
Again she's bright and gay.

From peaceful chambers fair she lures us forth
To view the dazzling splendours of her court
Her rich and blooming fields.
Says she: Arise, soar high, be great and strong,
Aspire above the ordinary throng
And try bright fortune's wheels.

At first we hesitate to give reply,
But laurel wreaths and honors placed so nigh
Enchant our senses fair.
With smiles so winning nods her sister, pride,
Whose dext'rous hand has painted side by side
Her castles in the air.

Enough! Resolved we are; at once we rise,
With wings outstretched to gain the peerless price
And never halt nor rest
Until we reach those lofty spheres on high
Where rays would daze the keenest eagle's eye.
We are at fortune's crest.

Whilst basking in the beams of dying fame,
The wax that dons our pinions and our name
Begins at length to melt.
And lo! far speedier is the downward course,
Reluctantly we fall and with remorse
Our misery is felt.

Ambition nobly clad appears so rare
We must pursue her course with utmost care
With judgment clear and sound.
If not, our noble efforts will be vain
We reap great loss instead of looked-for gain
We lose what should be found.

D. G. NEUSCHWANGER, '01.

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS.

IT is inherent in the pretentious nature of man to vaunt his talents and natural abilities. Pride is the superior quality of the ambitious and worldly-minded. Their unostentatious neighbor is in all things their inferior; his deeds rank in no way with their accomplishments. In short, they are first, he is second or third, and in many cases not even worthy of their consideration. Such is human boastfulness and such it will continue to be until the gloriously glittering stars of the blue firmament will send their silvery rays to this barren earth no more.

With nations it is the same as with individuals; so likewise every generation looks back upon the attainments of anterior generations as less worthy of honor, and in no way comparable to the actions accomplished by its own boasting self.

With what frowning brows did not the antique generation of Pericles look down upon the most ancient civilization of the progressive Egyptians; the enlightened Jews, the chosen people of the eternal Jehovah; the victorious marches of the hardy and warlike Persians; and even the

nightly revels of the haughty and effeminate Babylonians. Yet Greece, justly proud of her wonderful and glorious works, had received the rudiments of her arts from inventive Egypt; the fruitful example of exalted patriotism had been given her by the filial Cyrus. Thus far perfection followed invention. In the world's history the records of Grecian glory, are, indeed, the most noteworthy pages of pagan civilization.

Nearly 400 years after the prosperous administration of the orator, statesman, and warrior, the wise Pericles, the greedy and barbarous Romans utterly destroyed that most noble of all ancient civilizations to build on its scattered ruins the foundation of their own prosperity and world-wide dominion. Rome purloined the Hellenic fine arts invented or perfected by the imaginative Greeks and ornamented therewith her own rising glory. The steadily revolving wheel of time quickly unravelled the unique and expressive age of Caesar Augustus. Those were Rome's gala days. In power, glory, and majesty she had ascended to her zenith. The mild zephyrs played gently but deceitfully with the haughty plans of her future greatness as mistress of the world. But her nadir was not far distant.

The Romans were a robber people from the very nature of their origin and establishment. Having stolen Grecian civilization they degenerated it by adding to it their own passionate vices; then boastfully lauded it as the only true civilization of the world to which all tribes must bow without complaint, no matter under what form of

government they lived. Her ambitious determination made Rome the greatest and most powerful empire that ever swayed the scepter over the the known earth. All men are elevators of self. Why blame the imperial course pursued by the idolatrous Romans, pagan Greeks, or any other heathen nation of antiquity whose only object of existence was to honor brazen gods, to fight for the well-being of their fatherland, to exert all their powers in self esteem, and emulation of self?

With the decay of the Augustan age the death blow was given, not only to Roman but also to all pagan civilization. Whilst Caesar Augustus stood firmly on his pinnacle of glory, splendor, and magnificent progressiveness, the Infant of Bethlehem, the Conqueror of heathenism and idolatry appeared on earth to efface all malediction. While the old but hellish civilization was at its glory's height, the new but heavenly overcame it and to this day its crashing doom has been irretrievable. Augustus died amid pomp and splendor, with him Roman glory; Christ died cruelly and ignominiously on the cross but then true civilization, angelic Christianity, divine in origin and establishment; divine in its advancement and spread among all nations; divine in its wonderful and lasting perfections took up its perpetual abode among the children of Adam. Long, long years, nay centuries the new battled with the old, the devil forces of hell with the angel powers of heaven, ferocious satan with the calm angelic hosts of the Lord, the proud and arrogant Roman emperors with humble and unpretending followers

of the Crucified. Victory was on the side of justice and righteousness; the latter triumphed gloriously.

Christian civilization's fiercest battle had been fought. The supreme preeminence of Christianity's bright star was acknowledged everywhere. Its unfading lustre glittered wherever there dwelt a portion of the human race from pole to pole, from Palestine westward around the globe to Jerusalem. True civilization always will be glorious. It is mankind's only true friend. But like all affairs in which humanity is concerned, it too has its ebb and flow. Its first golden age was reached during the pontificate of Leo X. All previous lauded periods of greatness were typified by profane pagan accomplishments; this age is glorified by the successes of the teachings of the Redeemer. It is an age without compare in the world's annals. Its motives were sublimer, its attainments higher than those of any previous effort, and no future endeavors of geniuses will be able to eclipse the magnificent lustre of its admirable success. It elevated mortal man far above the heathenish slime in which he had wallowed prior to the long expected advent of the Christian era. This epoch of civilization is civilization sanctified and permeated by the heavenly spirit of Christianity. Those were days of glory on earth. Hell had been conquered; death itself had been slain. Peace reigned on earth except where the arms of the Crescent clashed with the arms of the Cross. All fine arts were in a state of perfection at least as far as it lies in the power of human skill and the human intellect.

It was true Christian art accomplished for the glorification of the Creator and Redeemer of the universe; not as in the days of pagan supremacy performed for the gratification of human pride and licentiousness. Such were the days of Leo X. and Michael Angelo; when:

“Stones leap’d to form and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung:
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.”

The age following the Leonine was a period of wars, miseries and blood-shed. All nations fought vigorously for supremacy and not until it was lodged safely in the hands of Louis XIV. of France, could the world boast of another glorious epoch. Much as this age is extolled for its civilized attainments it possesses not that virtuous dignity which should characterize an era in which the nations are ruled by Christian princes. Yet this age accomplished much for civilization. Its magnificence is due to its Catholicity not to an exuberance of natural genius. It was progressive more in spite of secular lords than by virtue of encouragement received from them. Louis XIV. waged continual wars and drained the very life-blood of the French treasury. Untold miseries clung to the trail of his armies; with his bloody sword he fertilized the earth for a rich harvest of wretchedness—the Reign of Terror—in the last decade of the eighteenth cycle of Christianity.

During this period of greatness, as in all times since the appearance of the star of Bethlehem, it was in the true fold of Christ the Roman Catholic Church, where Christian civilization, the only

genuine civilization which ever uplifted fallen and degraded humanity, found sincere encouragement and a secure haven of rest. It labored, not for its own peevish and selfish interests, but for the salvation of mankind at large. Its mission is being accomplished. All nations and tribes, no matter how far remote on the face of the earth from the glorious center immortal Rome, feel the benign influence of the true civilization folded in the sweet embrace of true Christianity as taught and practiced by the Catholic Church.

The fifth and last brilliant milestone on the highway of time is the expiring "enlightened nineteenth century," so called. It is indeed an age of marvelous human progress. The far reaching mind of man has encompassed all; his ingenuity has searched the very bowels of the earth; expounded nature and her elements on the globe's surface, explored the boundless heights of the celestial sphere. What is there he has not accomplished? The very powers of nature are subject to his control; her laws obey his mandates. Incomparable indeed is the advancement of intellectuality in this boasted age. When will the halt be spoken?

Whither are the nations of this glorified age drifting? Their actions and policies are without precedent in the annals of history. They are all most powerful, yet none is supreme. Whence is this? In the martial days of Grecian heroism the Greeks were all; when Rome had conquered the world and was its sole mistress no name was of value except that of the Romans. She alone was

the leader or destroyer of all. All has changed. The powerful nations are too strong; they envy each other and this very envy begets fear. Behold the principal governments of to-day! One approaches the other slyly and stealthily as a hungry fox the unprotected roost of unsuspecting fowls. But if a weaker man appears on the scene all things are altered; the British in South Africa, the liberty-preaching Americans in the Philippine Islands, and in China the whole armed host of European and American land-grabbers and mercantile fiends are playing the devils game of war and destruction. Yet this is a Christian age. Written and orally all is done for the spread of Christianity and civilization, or for humanity's sake, actually to fill imperial coffers. So ends the nineteenth century, the age that was to be the model of all future generations.

To produce the genuine effects of civilization this vaunted age has been too skeptical; anarchism, atheism, and infidelity are too rife among all nations. True religion has been relegated to the back ground; her beneficial precepts discarded from the daily walks of life. Governments are grouping about in the dark; they have lost the true divine faith; they have despised the infallible expounder of revelation and moral doctrines, the Vicar of Christ at Rome; ignored his power; denied him those rights which the possession of ages had confirmed. These conditions must be altered; childlike faith must take root again; the full authority of the Pope of Rome must be established and everywhere acknowledged;

then we may expect the progressive and halcyon days of Leo X. to reign on earth once more.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

EVENING THOUGHT.

When night lets drop her somber veils,
And silence all profound prevails,
Of yon' bright stars arrayed above
Their peaceful course to watch I love.

As morning breaks, or twilight steals,
A voice from nature's stillness peals
In accents strong, and thoughts my heart
'Round throng, that feelings strange impart.

While autumn leaves by night's breeze stirred,
And waking echo's voice is heard
And rippling streams that flow apart,
From earth's cold breast did raise my heart.

And in this hour of thoughts sincere
A craft most frail did life appear
Upon a wild and troubled sea
Where billows rage, all deaf to plea.

And crowds by "Syrens" falsely veered
This life's rough ocean luckless steered
Until in raging sea's brawl verged,
Themselves too deep did find immersed.

O Mary, guiding star of seas!
To thee, who tempests canst appease
From life's wild sea, we fly in quest,
O, show thy blissful place of rest!

ERNEST HEFELE, '01.

A JOURNEY THROUGH CRISES.

A beautiful autumn day was drawing to a close. Standing on the deck of a Mississippi steamer I gazed with delight on rare sceneries, following in endless variety, both charming and picturesque beyond example, equally so whether contemplated in their gorgeous contour as dropped rough and rude from nature's mould or finally in their precise suitableness to lend unrivaled glories and magnificence to the setting sun. I could not recall an instance more amazing or more suggestive of pleasant thoughts and sublime feelings. Gazing instinctively upon what lay before my eyes, and allowing my mind to feast at liberty upon the ravishing spectacle, all around soon passed into oblivion. Suddenly a loud noise among the crew aroused me from my reveries. "What can it be," asked a man standing at my side. Evidently a quarrel, I replied, but let us go and inquire. We had scarcely walked ten steps when someone advancing from behind touched me lightly on the shoulder. I turned sharply and found myself face to face with a man in whom I recognized an old and truly devoted friend of our family. Age however had made appalling inroads upon his friendly features and as he raised his hat in salutation I was horrified at beholding a ghastly scar on the right side of his head. It really appeared conclusive of sad straits and I determined to hear the story portended by the evil

omen. Joining him we proceeded to a secluded part of the steamer where with much merriment a brief recounter of past times ensued. Upon this our familiarity was completely re-established and I ventured to give vent to my acheing and inquired about the ill-natured emblem.

“Friend,” he replied, “it involves a long and painful story. Shortly after my departure from your home, I traveled through Europe and thence to Africa. This tour was fraught with peculiar occurrences so hazardous in their nature that had the least suspicion of them been entertained on my part it would never have been attempted. On my way to Tunis a French official found me convenient to forward certain weighty information to the governor of that place. The captivating candor of his features dispelled all distrust which at first forcibly and warningly arose in me. Without further deliberation I seized the scroll, tendered to me by the officer which being secured only by a silken ribbon, further aided in allaying all fears, and promised to deliver it safely. About this time Tunis and France stood in unfriendly relations and shortly after my arrival a tumult arose in consequence of misdemeanor on the part of French merchants engaged, as it was wrongly supposed in surveillance. Here the danger of my mission showing all the mischief it might cause fully dawned upon me. There was no thought of escaping suspicion as I already found myself uncommonly observed. Measures to apprehend me had been secretly devised and I was surprised to find myself arrested in the morning where I

had taken lodging for the night. All papers about my person had been carefully searched and the message for the governor was missing. Two guards patrolled before my apartment. One may easily imagine the fears that assailed me as I sat fully an hour gloomily brooding on my desperate situation. Here I was in a strange land, a captive, without friends to assist me and without money for my ransom, who might well be prepared for the worst.

“Now one of my guards entered the room, and assuming an astute attitude proceeded to inform me in tumid phrases that in the afternoon of that very day I was to be confined in the state prison and remain there for trial. My apprehensions were now fully realized. What could I do? escape? impossible! My guards were too vigilant. Yet time could not be lost; it was too precious; I must act and that immediately. Careful deliberation was necessary and to accomplish this I must first endeavor to soothe my agitated mind. What manner of action best suited my design is what perplexed me most. All was soon obviated when upon examination the door proved to be but ill secured and could easily be opened. Much relieved I instantly set to work. Having carefully drawn off the door latch with a small penknife, the next thing was to evade my guards. My scheme was not yet complete, when steps were heard rapidly approaching the door. I took a firm stand. Fear made me strong enough to meet any antagonist. The door opened quickly, but at once the intruder sank under a heavy

blow and lay unconscious on the floor. Fortunately no one dared to oppose as I hurried in to the street, but here my excitement soon betrayed me. Tearing away from some and tumbling others into the street my conduct quickly gave rise to general rioting. The police tried to arrest me; however, I escaped followed by a shower of stones and other missiles of which none proved injurious. Turning a street corner a military officer struck at me with his sword. Though I stayed the blow with my arm which was thus badly injured, my person was saved from serious harm, yet I fell utterly exhausted to the ground. "Seize him, ye dogs," he cried out to some negro attendants, "and drag him to prison! It surprises me not a little that the scamp succeeded in effecting his escape."

By his sharp voice I recognized the officer who had informed me of my destination in the morning. Extreme despair overwhelmed me now and the thought that all was lost made me fairly indifferent as to what might happen in the future. The negroes merely dragged me to prison where I was rudely thrust into a loathsome cell, filled with a disagreeable odor whilst bones and tattered garments thickly covered the floor. A perceptible shudder passed over my frame at this dreadful sight, I became deadly faint and my heart beat with such violence as to make me fear for my life. At all these signs of supreme anguish the cruel slaves burst out in savage laughter and merciless mockery. The iron bars grated horridly as they sank into their sockets; the negroes secured them

well, and giving me a little food, disappeared leaving me to pass the night as best I might in that gloomy and cheerless den. My first care was to examine my new abode and I found it very incommodious for in reality the floor space was hardly five feet square. Gradually my eyes became accustomed to the prevailing dimness and I clearly discerned the mouldering remains of a man secured to the wall where it seemed he had starved. This appalling vision overpowered me, my strength failed, I staggered and fell unconscious to the floor. On recovering I saw myself out in the prison yard, well guarded, not however by negroes but by armed soldiers. A tall man with grim visage stepped forth and said harshly: "Accept the alternative that lies before you; either be a slave or bear this message to the prince of Morocco now detained at Yacoba in the Sudan. Beware of the treacherous natives as you travel for the affair is of the highest importance; detection will cost your life and involve me in serious difficulties." Then he handed me the message well secured in a leathern pouch and commanded instant departure.

At first my joy in liberty knew no bounds and I hoped successfully to evade all future snares. My purpose was already attained; the message was safe and I started for the nearest port to leave that barbarous country; when suddenly all my glee was snatched away by deeper gloom than any before experienced. A caravan of Bedouins overtook me in the northwestern part of the Sudan and intended to carry me to Asia and sell me

as a slave. On the way the caravan halted near a small German settlement. Trusting in their charity I persuaded my captors to dispose of me here assuring them that nowhere a greater price could be obtained. They acceded to the proposal and sent one of their trusty attendants to bargain with the colonists. The day was already far spent when they beheld their colleague returning followed by a large crowd of people well armed. On seeing this they believed themselves betrayed and the leader taking me to the top of a neighboring hillock, fastened me to a stake in full view of my approaching friends and leveling his gun before my face, cried out: "If you will but advance another step I will perforate the villain's head with bullets, and then I have a hundred prepared for my enemies." This menacing attitude he maintained until all his men had repaired to a safe distance. Then lowering his gun he gave way to an outburst of savage passion peculiar to his people and rushing forward he made a blind thrust at my head with his dagger, but the blow was badly aimed and the dangerous weapon only glided along my head and inflicted the frightful scar. He delayed no longer but hurried off to his men leaving me to the good will of my friends.

Soon after we arrived at port and embarking I took leave of my friends hoping to meet them again under better circumstances.

M. B. KOESTER, '02.

VACATION'S END.

Vacation's days have truly now run out,
Exceeding gleeful they have been, no doubt;
Yet now they seem like few diffusive rays
That played the prologue to more serious days,
Which now approach our door with sparkling gems
For us to gain, at sweat and toil's expense.

With sweet and kind but still with earnest looks
They urge us on, to take anew our books,
And sweep the cobwebs from the idle brain
That stores of wisdom—knowledge—it may frame;
Thus make us men, belov'd by humankind,
Whose baleful needs in us true help may find.

SEBASTIAN KREMER. '02.

WITHERED.

Six months ago a stately rose
Within my garden grew.
Near by her bush a seat I chose
While yet the silv'ry dew
Her comely brow adorned and night
Waxed pale in golden morning's light.

A dulcet scent perfumed the air
By flowers sweet exhaled.
But none surpassed in beauty rare
The red white rose empaled
On thorny branches near my side.
Such is the human glory tide.

Again on that same lovely spot
To-day I sought repose,
Alas! The rose, what is her lot?
The stem on which she rose
Forsaken is. From glory all
To bitter sorrow once will fall.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

WHEN from the elevated position of the 19th century we throw a retrospect upon the history of the world and follow the stream of time till we stand face to face with the fall and degeneracy of man, the mind is lost in a multitude of visions, forms and shapes, lights and colors, that spirit-like pass by. Nothing seems to be possessed of stability and endurance. The ancient poet's expression, "*Mortalia facta peribunt*" becomes a reality. Individuals have lived and reigned; nations and empires have risen, to pass again into oblivion after a temporary existence; societies have developed and withered; calamities and most destructing forces have agitated the world; generations have come, and gone by, while nothing remained behind, save the monument erected by the immortal spirit, —the history of literature, or the record of the development of the mind, of the exertions of talent and labors of indefatigable industry. Its subjects are intimately interwoven with the moral character of a rational and accountable being.

From this follows that literature is a power, nay the only power capable to live through the wear and tear of time. Its primitive character triumphs over the material forces, and as such it is invariably used as the most potential and effectual medium for civilizing nations.

We distinguish an intellectual as well as an

external history; a history of the mind as well as of matter. The former may be termed an intellectual civilization, distinct from the history of nations. It is, indeed, a most interesting study to trace the history of man as he emerges from comparative barbarism through successive gradations to a state of refined civilization and culture. It is equally delightful to the man of letters to behold the effects of learning in its various stages in amending the nobler part, the inward state of mankind. It is a delight to him, when he sees nation instruct nation, when he realizes that society as such is a creature of education, that men may invent new mechanical powers, but are utterly helpless to call a single idea into existence; when he perceives how the intellectual fruits, that one generation reaps from the infused knowledge, with which God in His goodness was pleased to endow the human soul, are inherited by the succeeding one.

The history of literature holds enshrined the noblest powers and feelings of man. In the lyric it gives utterance to feelings of individuals. In the epic the national feeling finds its expression. In the drama it appeals to our common humanity. Literature, being the embodiment of all the beautiful and sublime man's genius is capable of producing, affords an interest to speculation, and widens the field of the philosopher and the man of observation. It is more than a mere history of rude implements, of the provisions of the necessities of life, or of strifes, collisions and bitter feuds of hostile and ambitious chiefs. All that

is interesting in the history of man is involved in the history of literature.

While we gaze with wonder and admiration upon the monuments and structures reared by mortal hand centuries ago, and which, though subject to the laws of decay, have survived the shocks of ages, it is but just that we expect a similar, but nobler and far more precious monument of the immortal spirit—a monument for which no law of decay exists. Such a monument is the history of literature, “the varied expression of thought laboring under emotions produced by different influences.” The most potential of which are religion, and philosophy. They are the life-blood and vital chord of the whole history of literature. Hence literature in its essence is always the same, but appears in different arts, shapes, and colors, with the characteristic stamp of the age and nation. But it is letters that make the past monitor to the present, and the present guide to the future.

From the bare consideration of these facts we cannot overestimate literature as a factor in enlarging the field of knowledge and in giving a wider range to the exercise and development of the mental faculties. Let us turn now our direction, and take a view of literature from a different standpoint. The view derives its importance and interest from the superiority of the scene that is presented—the moral influence exerted upon humanity by literature, which is either wholesome or poisonous.

It is the product of thought, that nourishes

thought and as such literature is the educator of thought. But it may also be its ruin; and it actually becomes so when it is the tendency of the spirit of an age to deviate from the source whence true and sound literature emanates—religion and philosophy. Were there no such a thing as the existence of a literary disease the mind might not be in danger of being infected with unsound principles. But throughout the whole literature “float the wrecks of shattered systems and fragments of dead issues, but the solid germ of truth is nowhere to be found.” To instance an example we need but trace the spirit that animated the “Renaissance.” Again the pernicious spirit that was the characteristic stamp of the 15th, 16th, and succeeding centuries. And when we come home to the 19th, century, of whose spirit we ourselves have a share, we perceive few influences favorable to literature.

Look at the world authors and their volumes with which the world is overflowed. What is its spirit? It has already been defined and baptized. It lives and moves under the name of “subjectivism.” Nearly all the poetry and fiction, and history even, is written, not to give the reader objective reality, but rather with an aim to promote some view or speculation of the author. Thus every age and nation fills a new page in the history of literature, marked with its own characteristic stamp and influences.

The view we have taken of the history of literature is, indeed, limited and circumscribed; for it is a study as exhaustless, as its subjects are

numerous. But we have seen that by its help we can elevate and ennoble our lot. We rise above the groveling creatures of earth and aspire to the Infinite. From the consideration of this truth we cannot be deaf to the claims of literature in its best and highest forms. Speaking of its value and importance, the poet's words may aptly be adduced:

“My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-passed years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn;
Partake their hope and fear;
And from their lesson seek and find
Instructions with a humble mind.”

ERNEST HEFELE, '01

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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EDITORIALS.

Next to the blessed month of May the serene October days are the most welcome to every sincere Catholic—they are quiet days of filial devotion to the Redeemer's dearest Mother. It is the month of the Holy Rosary.

With this number of the Collegian the new staff launches its frail bark upon the high sea of college journalism. Ten months of arduous labors now confront us. How shall the Collegian prosper whilst we are guiding its destiny? Shall it survive or will a foaming wave bury it forever in its surging flood? These questions the coming ten numbers will answer unhesitatingly. We on our part, applying the little experience we may possess in the affairs of journalism, will sail boldly onward with Father Time and perform each single duty unflinchingly as it presents itself. With each succeeding number it will be our utmost endeavor to put into practice the words of the poet;

"But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day."

St. Joseph's is only passing from her infancy. Her existence is too brief to enable her to boast of a long roll-call of alumni. Yet she has already sent many a faithful son into the contentious world to take a prominent part in the weary battles of daily life. All you who ever dwelt within these sacred walls are the object of her earnest solicitation. As a dutiful Alma Mater she wishes to be informed of your good success and increase your joy by the consciousness of her participation in your happiness, likewise of your ill success to sympathize with you in your trials and afflictions. All former students of St. Joseph's, no matter where they live on earth, graduates or otherwise, are kindly requested to send us information of their whereabouts and profession.

The object of a college journal is indeed useful and praiseworthy. In the educational world it is the representative of the institution from which it hails. It cannot be expected to rise to the noble heights of a magazine; it should also not descend to the level of a common news paper. Its course is a middle one; this it must follow without wavering to reach its golden ideal.

A college journal is neither a staff nor a class paper. It is the publication of every inmate of the institution where it is edited under the direction of an appointed staff. Its pages, to be an ideal college paper, should be open to all. We expect, and invite every student to contribute to these pages.

The teaching staff for the year '00 and '01 is with a few slight changes the same as that of the last term. All the Rev. Fathers of the past scholastic year are with us again except P. Philip who has been called to various duties in other fields of labor.

The rectorship of the college is again in the competent hands of Father Benedict; at the same time he will direct the Collegian's course and teach his quota of classes. The Greek scholars will be under the special supervision of P. Eugene. P. Clement will occupy his old position teaching mathematics and commercial classes. The historians will enjoy the presence of P. Chrysostom in the class-room, who will also with P. Luke teach Latin. The normal department will remain under the guidance of P. Mark and P. Nicholas,

the former also teaching literature. The classes of Christian doctrine are in the able hands of P. Justin; instruction in vocal music will also be given by him. The genial P. Hugo is again acting disciplinarian of St. Aquino Hall. P. Ulrich will lead the scientists through the jungly labyrinths of nature. Prof. J. Hemmersbach holds first place in the musical department, while Prof. G. Heimbürger will give lessons in drawing and assist the faculty in general where his aid may be required.

The dead silence of vacation reigns no more. Jubilant voices again resound within St. Joseph's sacred walls. A goodly number of the old students and many bright face that are strange to us, are once more assembled at Wisdom's blessed fountain to enjoy her delicious draughts. Goodwill and firm determination are the distinguishing features of every youthful countenance. From present indications all will cling to their chosen bush until the destined goal is reached.

What magnificent plans and singular expectations do not occupy the mind of every student at the opening of a new scholastic year. All look forward to a glorious end. But, kind friends, be not too hasty! Ten weary months of most difficult labor intervene. In this space of time fair Fortune presents to you all most advantageous opportunities which only the alert and diligent are able to grasp and profit by. Not every man is successful in life; but least of all the student who sets for himself a noble aim and lets golden chances pass

by unheeded. A student's dearest companion should be diligence; only in such company can he climb to the ladder's top.

The Collegian's best wishes are always with the student body. It will be the exponent of your toils and successes. Let no favorable opportunity, however insignificant apparently, glide by unnoticed. Good-will, diligence, vigilance are the only trio able to place the gay alive branch on your brow ten months hence. To all who heed the words of the poet the Collegian promises a successful year:

“Trust no future howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'er head!”

To acquire book knowledge is not the only aim and object of a college student. The development of the intellect is indeed primary; but the welfare of the body dare not be sacrificed to obtain that end. Health is too precious to be sold for any price. An educated mind in a broken physical frame is of not more value to society than an ordinary intellect in a healthy body. To sacrifice one for the other when both can as easily be obtained is rank foolishness. Good common sense should be our guiding star. Combine both: train the intellect for the higher walks of life; develop the body for the maintenance of the intellect.

We earnestly hope that no student at St. Joseph's will remain backward in athletics during the present year. Every one's name should be on

the roll-call of an athletic organization. Now is the season for football; go in for your tumbles like a true hardy American. No game is more calculated to exercise the perceptive powers; to strengthen and quicken the force of accurate judgment; its influence on the physical development cannot be overestimated. Then, too, there is the ideal national college game, in which to participate is a real benefit and a genuine delight.

Track athletics at St. Joseph's are as yet in their infancy. Many obstacles must necessarily be overcome. Here as with all things the beginning is difficult. But the pleasant results obtained during the last year, our initial effort, should not be disheartening, on the contrary very encouraging. Continue the work so nobly begun; you will never rue it. Not idle were the words spoken by a prominent statesman and educator of early America: "That to keep them (students) in health, and to strengthen and render active their bodies, they be frequently exercised in running, leaping, wrestling, and swimming." Although spoken by our own typical Franklin 150 years ago these words are as true now as they were then, and no logic or sophistry can ever diminish their value.

EXCHANGES.

Not many weeks ago, with gladsome hearts, smiling faces, and with happy, cheerful words, we bade a short farewell to our numerous Exchange friends. Then we dwelt on the prospect of glorious, halcyon, days, spent in dreamy delight—, days, long desired and by the worthy student well deserved and thoroughly enjoyed. But of all sensible things, pleasures are the most transitory, duty the most permanent. Coeval with each of us, even the most humble, is an innate, special vocation for which duty demands that we thoroughly prepare, or abide dire consequences for our negligence. Hence we return to our college home almost as happily as we departed, notwithstanding that our labors are great and weighty in their consequences. Though stern Duty, with his numerous exactions stands firmly near, yet we say, as cheerfully and sincerely as ever, to you all, "Friends, welcome," and may our friendship be of steel-like quality and conducive to our mutual benefit.

Some may doubt whether college Journalism is of benefit to the student. We all accede that excessive self-companionship makes one bigoted and narrow-minded; what is true of man in general must also be true of a body of individuals, such as societies, institutions etc. A regular and frequent mode of communication broadens the ideas and excites a spirit of emulation, by presenting

and depicting to us other methods, better thoughts and nobler actions. College Journalism well serves this purpose. If learned and self-sacrificing men, secular and religious, devote their energies and abilities to the development of our innate faculties, why should we not take pride and pleasure in doing them at least a little justice by mirroring to the public the success of their and our efforts combined in a most noble, Godlike cause. Such pamphlets will beget in the public mind a higher opinion of the aim and object of our institutions and cause them to think more seriously of the advantages derived from collegiate education. Why should not College Journalism be joyfully received by the public? It is a messenger from the "world of thought" presenting to us the work and thought of the choicest body of young men in the country, the flower of American youth. Thus 'tis seen ours is not labor lost. Therefore into the work with vim and courage. Let us pass judgment one upon another free from prejudice or malice, with a sense of justice and charity striving rather to encourage than to dishearten the young aspirant. If a severe criticism is sometimes given, let it not be from unworthy motives, but out of zeal for a higher literary standard and universal excellence in our college Journalism.

Among our old friends who so soon pay us a welcome visit are the Notre Dame Scholastic, The Bee, Benzigers Magazine, Mt. Angel Magazine, St. Mary's Chimes, Flour-de-lis, Santa Maria.

W. ARNOLD, '02.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Catholic Home Annual. The eighteenth number of the Annual is up to its usual high standard. The opening poem "Christmas," by Father Edmund C. P. abounds in beautiful gems:

"Saddest year its Christmas brings."

"In Spite of All" by M. F. Egan, is a story such as we would expect from the ready pen of the genial Doctor. "The King's Will" and "Hope" are touching stories told with feeling. In our estimation they are the best numbers in the Almanac. The foremost Catholic authors are represented in its pages. All readers are familiar with the names of Magdalen Rock, Marian Ames Taggart, Mary Catherine Crowley, and Clara Mulholland. They do justice to their already established fame. "Thoughts on the Commandments" by Rev. Ferreol Girardey C. SS. R. will prove wholesome and instructive reading to both young and old. The entire Annual is indeed worthy of a perusal. The notable events of the past year are narrated briefly but to the point. From cover to cover the make-up of the Almanac is elegant and up to date. It is lavishly but beautifully and artistically illustrated. It should be found in every English speaking Catholic family. BENZIGER BROS. Price 25cts.

Mt. Angel Magazine. This new child of journalism hails from the distant west. It is edited by the Benedictine Fathers to obtain the necessary means for the establishment of a monastery

and the advancement of the cause of Christianity in the mountainous regions of Oregon. Noble indeed is its purpose. It should be favorably received by the Catholic public, that the praiseworthy undertaking of the heroic Fathers may be crowned with success.

PERSONALS.

The Very Rev. Father Boni. Russ, Provincial C. PP. S. is spending a few weeks at the college.

Mr. T. M. Conroy '96 and Mr. Wm. D. Sullivan '97, were welcome guests during the opening week.

Mr. Wm. Hordeman '00 and Mr. E. Ley '00, are continuing their studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Louis Dabbelt '00, commercial, is filling a responsible position in Mosler's Safe Co. at Hamilton, Ohio.

Mr. J. Seitz '00 and Mr. H. Bernard '00, are swaying the teacher's rod in Mercer Co. Ohio.

Rev. J. Keller, of Peru, Ind., accompanied his brother Nicholas Keller, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., to the college.

Mr. E. Barnard, of South Bend, Ind., was the first student to arrive at the college. His brother came with him to pay a visit to his Alma Mater.

Mrs. B. Kelley, of Goodland, Ind., accompanied her son William to the college.

Mr. Michael Donohue arrived at the college in company with his father, J. D. Donohue, of Fowler, Ind.

Mr. F. Anstett, of Kentland, Ind., was here to enter his son, Herman Heim, on the students' list.

Mrs. V. Oberting, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., spent a few days here at the opening of school with her son, Marion.

Mr. John Yochem was accompanied to the college by his father, Joseph Yochem, of Earl Park, Ind.

Mr. Frank Hackman, of Chicago, a member of the Kuhlmann editorial staff was our guest on Sept. 10.

Rev. A. Manning, of Lima, Ohio, called at the college on Sept. 28.

Rev. A. Zink, of Lorain, O., paid us a flying visit Sept. 29.

Mrs. W. Sullivan, of Delphi, Ind., accompanied by Miss J. Lamb, spent Sunday, Sept. 30, with her son, John, here at the college.

Our old friends, Rev. F. Koenig, of Lowell, Ind. and Rev. J. Berg, of Remington, Ind., called at the college during the last month.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S. At a meeting held Sept. 16th, the Columbians elected the following officers: Pres. D. Neuschwanger; Vice Pres., T. Kramer; Sec., H. Seiferle; Treas., J. Wessel; Critic, W. Arnold; Marshal, H. Hoerstman; Ex. Com., C. Mohr, M. Koester, J. Mutch.

The Columbians highly appreciate the sacrifice brought by the Rev. Father Benedict in ac-

cepting the Spiritual Directorship again this year. It will certainly add work to his regular duties as President of the college. We can best express our appreciation by following him where ever he may choose to lead. We rest assured that under his guidance success will crown our efforts.

October the twenty-first being Columbus day the C. L. S. will appear for the first time this year to render a public program in commemoration of that day. Friends are cordially invited.

September the thirtieth the following were admitted as members of the C. L. S.; A. McGill, Wm. Flaherty, J. Braun, E. Hoffman, H. Metz-dorf, P. Hartman, J. Bach, F. Theobald, Aurelius Koenig, I. Wagner, F. Didier, F. Wachendorfer, M. Ehleringer.

A. L. S. Father Hugo Lear will direct the Aloysian Literary Society this year. Father Hugo is highly esteemed by the entire student body but no esteem can be greater than that held by the members of the A. L. S.

In their meeting held September 16th, the following officers were elected: Pres., R. Goebel; Vice Pres., Geo. Arnold; Sec., J. Dabbelt; Treas., E. Cook; Librarian, C. Ellis; Ex. Com., J. Long, Wm. Fisher, N. Keller.

Considering the success of past years the Aloysians have reasons to be proud of the high standard they have held among the societies of St. Joseph's College. They have lost a few of their most prominent members who joined the C. L. S., yet they entertain no doubts that they will raise their standard still higher this year. The follow-

ing were admitted into the Aloysian Literary Society last meeting: Wm. Fisher, J. Lang, N. Keller, J. Jones, A. Lonsway.

The Military.—Sept. 17th, at the command "fall in" the two respective companies A. and B. took their position to hear the following report: Chaplain, Rev. Hugo Lear; Major, Wm. Arnold; Adjt., John Wessel; Aide-de-Camp, J. Mutch; Capt. of Co. A., E. Werling; Capt. of Co. B., A. McGill; 1st. Lieut. of Co. A., H. Hoerstman; 1st. Lieut. of Co. B., E. Wills; 2nd. Lieut. of Co. A., Wm. Flaherty; 2nd. Lieut. of Co. B., F. Theobald; 1st. Sergeant of Co. A., Geo. Arnold; 1st. Sergeant of Co. B., R. Goebel; Color Sergeant, P. J. Hartman. A few changes and improvements are being considered by Major Arnold. The recruits are improving very fast. Regular companies will be formed soon. An exhibition drill will take place on Thanksgiving-day.

St. Joseph's Raleigh Club reorganized Sept. 20th. After admitting the many new applicants the following officers were elected: Pres., Howard Muhler; Vice Pres., P. J. Wahl; Sec., John Wessel. "Let's smoke and be happy," is the motto of the club.

L. S. H. The League of the Sacred Heart has added not a few to its membership this year. No efforts will be wanting on the part of the Rev. Spiritual Director and the Promoters to extend this most powerful devotion to the Sacred Heart.

EDWARD WERLING, '03.



ATHLETICS.

With the advent of another scholastic year the question is asked by the sporting fraternity at the college, what are the prospects in the line of athletics this year? In reply we will say that never has St. Joseph's College had more reason to congratulate itself upon its stalwart and vigorous appearing students than this year, and if we meet with nothing that will impede our progress and put a damper on our efforts, there is no reason why we should not be proud of our deeds on the campus at the close of this scholastic year. All those who are interested in the welfare of athletics at the college should join the different organizations, and by their efforts encourage those who have always worked faithfully for the success of our teams, thereby helping to raise athletics to a higher standard. To the sluggard and individualist our advice would be to get out and mingle with their fellows, and in this way promote college spirit and true devotedness of character. Among the different teams which have been organized the following are worthy of mention.

Foot Ball.—The followers of the pig skin held a largely attended and very enthusiastic meeting recently. John Wessel was elected Manager and William Arnold Captain for the ensuing year. Since the holding of the meeting active work has begun, and every day a large number of candidates for the representative team are seen on the

gridiron working for a position. Owing to the large number of candidates, an exceptionally strong scrub team has been selected. They will be coached by Wessel, and they will give the first team a hard tussle for the supremacy. The first team will be strong in all departments of the game this year and with such men as the following they should fear no rival; with Welsh at center and Werling and Donohue for guards we have a trio of line men who will be a tower of strength to the team and a stone wall for the opponents to move. At tackle we have Buchman, of last year's scrub team, and Bach, a new man from Minnesota. For ends Hoerstman and McGill will hold their positions against all comers. Behind the line, we have in Wessel, VanFlandern, Wahl and Arnold, the speediest quartet of backs in the vicinity, and they can be depended upon to make long and clever sprints. But with this excellent material on hand for a good team, another fact seems to restrain our progress.

As is well known, our foot ball teams have never had the benefits of an experienced director of athletics, except the coaching done by the Captain, and on this account, we have never shown our real strength, for every one knows that to be a coach of a foot ball team and bring out the hidden abilities of the men, requires a man of much experience and of no mean ability. Now this year there exists an opportunity for securing the services of an experienced director of athletics and his generous offer should be accepted by the management with a jump. The Juniors and the Min-

ims of St. Aquino Hall have selected teams and will play several games on recreation days. The students of the St. Xavier Hall are practicing an eleven and they say that they will rip up the line of the representative team of St. Aquino Hall to a finish when the two teams meet on the gridiron in the near future.

Track Team.—Soon after the return of the students to the college, the members of last year's track team met and elected a Manager for this school year. Mr. E. Werling, Manager of last year's team, expressed his desire to be relieved from the duties incumbent upon that position, but owing to his effectual work last year the boys would not have it that way, and accordingly, "Domine" will have to serve another term. The team will not do much work until next spring. Only such work as is required to keep the men in good condition during the foot ball season will be done this fall.

EDMUND A. WILLS, '03.

LOCALS.

Whoever wishes to go with this century, must now take hold of its tail.

Hurry up, boys, play low l-m-n-o-p-q-down.

On account of the cold weather setting in so soon the students have abandoned the baseball diamond, and in its place lined out the gridiron. Many interesting games are expected.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina! How long yet, O Catiline, wilt thou use up my tandem! Wills strenuously maintains Catiline ran away from Rome on Cicero's "bike".

The hand-ball alley is again the scene of some interesting games. This summer the floors were cemented and we can now boast of the finest courts in this locality.

The Raleigh Club is again at its old stand. New chairs and tables have been placed in the room, also a new case in which "ammunition" is kept during hours of study.

Bro. to Tuts: See here, Monahan, why don't you call Mr. Jones by his right name?

Tuts: Well, I know his name is Jones, but we call him Jones-sy for short.

Sunday, Sept. 23rd, the "Arnolds" met and defeated the "Wessels" by a score of 10 to 12. At the close of the seventh inning, Umpire McGill was mobbed for talking back to the players.

The undersigned always has on hand corn-cob pipes, water-buckets and sourkraut barrels. 16

Garden Ave. L. H.

Among the various curiosities with which our museum has been enriched, we appreciate especially the donation of an Indian cap by the deceased Rev. Bernard Russ, brother to the Very Rev. Boniface Russ, Provincial C. PP. S.

The Prefect's desk, which did such wonderful good service in the west end of St. Aquino study hall for the past nine years has been removed to where the bulletin-board and dictionary stand formerly stood. Bro. Prefect claims he can keep a better eye on the boys from that point of view. The bulletin-board and dictionary stand are now on the west side of the main door.

George to Peter: "Why are you going to vote for McKinley?" "Because the Philippinos need a shave and the Chinamen a hair cut."

A young parrot, a pair of turtle doves, two Belgian hares and half a dozen guinea-pigs have recently been added to Bro. Victor's Menagerie.

The students of the Junior Class have begun to read Virgil. "Syl" claims, the only trouble he finds in translating is, either he is a foot too long or too short.

Xavier to Ben: "Why did God forbid Adam and Eve to eat from the forbidden fruit?" Ben: "For fear they might fall from the tree."

Hildebrand's team met and defeated Sibold's "Shucks" in the first game of foot-ball of this season by the score 10 to 0. Great work by M. Shea saved the "Shucks" from an overwhelming defeat. Flaherty did some good line bucking.

Rev. P. Ulrich, prof. of chemistry, has pro-

cured various articles for experimenting. Undoubtedly he will now make his branches very interesting to the students.

A new shingle was struck out at the beginning of the term by P. J. Wahl, the barber. He has moved his belongings from the main building to Room No. 1. in St. Cecilia Hall. This being a strictly union shop is also the Republician headquarters.

St. Aquino Hall campus is an interesting spectacle during "rec" hours. Two tennis courts are always in use; the new gymnastical apparatus affords much pleasure to the students, and in the distance one of our four football teams is "a warmin'" up for a future game.

Romuald and Ignatius experienced a peculiar incident during a nocturnal exploration in the water-melon patch. Whilst sneaking along in an Iroquois style to capture some of the delicious fruit, Ignatius asked his partner: How can I tell, Cob, when they are ripe? Just give them a good squeezing; if they crack, they are ripe. At that moment a cow-hide cracked over their shoulders and the gardener responded: "You are ripe."

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, W. Arnold, J. Bach, E. Barnard, F. Boeke, W. Cain, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, W. Fisher, H. Froning, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, T. Hammes, P. Hartman, H. Heim, J. Hildebrand, B. Huelsman, E. Hoffman, H. Hoerstman, A. Junk, N. Keller, A. Knapke, J. Lang, J. Lemper, A. Lonsway, E. Lonsway, F. Mader, H. Metzdorf, A. McGill, H. Muhler, J. Mutch, J. Naughton, B. Quell, A. Reichert, J. Sanderell, M. Shea, J. Steinbrunner, J. A. Sullivan, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, F. Wagner, L. Wagner, P. Wahl, B. Wellman, P. Welsh, E. Werling, J. Wessel, E. Wills, J. Yochem.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Buchman, P. Carlos, M. Donohue, C. Ellis, W. Flaherty, A. Hepp, J. Jones, L. Monahan, J. Oberting, C. Ready, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, J. F. Sullivan.

N. B. The mention for class work will appear next month.
